

ST. NICHOLAS.

With the November number St. Nicholas begins a new volume. There is no falling off in the variety or quality of the articles which go to make up the table of contents, although the names of one or two of the most valued contributors are absent. We are assured, however, that they will appear in the January number, and with that assurance the boys and girls of the country must be content. The number opens with a Russian story, entitled "Tchumpin," by C. A. Stephens; a "Trotty" story, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; a comic next, and that is followed in turn by a very pleasantly told story entitled "Hail a Dozen Young Rascals," by Nathaniel Childs, of New York. Then there are articles, many of them illustrated, by Penn Shirley, Ellen F. Terry, M. W. Jones, S. G. W. Benjamin, Charles Barnard, N. S. Dodge, Anna C. Brackett, and others. There is a surprisingly sweet poem by the latter, which forcibly reminds one of Whittier. It is long, but we quote it nevertheless:

Just when the children troop
At morn and noon together,
The maple tree greets them and sings
Through all the summer weather.

The little tree, so slim, so green
Among the birches round it;
It only helps to make a screen,
And no one e'er had found it.

"Now summer days begin to fade,"
Then said the maple, "I am glad;
And no one sees me in this shade;
What is the use of trying?"

And while one night he fretted thus,
The air grew cold and colder,
And there came a painter down the road,
His colors on his shoulder.

Jack Frost, adown the winding way
Came whistling, leaping, singing;
And as he ran about in play,
His paint behind him swinging.

Then how the spatters flew about,
And streaks both red and yellow,
Till all the leaves that leaved for out
Glowed like the apples now.

The maple watched the colors grow
Then cried, "Oh, look! red all the way!
Before my leaves fall, paint me now
Untill in red I glisten."

Jack Frost stands still. So small the tree,
He stops uncertain; then he thinks,
And rock and bank he searches.

"Oh, paint me, please!" the maple cried,
"Bright red and red all the way!
Till each one that may walk or ride
My beauty shall discover."

No sooner said than done it is:
The swift brush plies his singing,
Then swings away, and red all the way,
His brush behind him swinging.

Adown the road the painter goes;
In silent joy he watches,
Till the far off hill betrays his path
In red and purple blotches.

How splendid shines the maple tree,
With green ground and under;
The golden rods in the place
Bow down in reverent wonder.

And how she scorns the lady birch
That stands so close beside her;
Her head she tosses, waves her arms,
And shakes her leaves out wider.

O, silly little maple tree!
Have done with all your prinking;
Along the road the children see,
Of fun and pleasure thinking.

"Oh, look! hallow! come see the show!"
A tree just like a feather!
Let's stick it in our hats, you know,
And march down, all together!"

They swarm the raspy bushes through;
They tread the thistles under;
They gather round the trembling tree,
Intent on scarlet plunder.

O, dainty little tree! She stands
Like a beleaguered city;
They bend and break with feet and hands—
The jubilant banditti!

Then off they march in scarlet line,
And blaze through the meadow;
But the birches droop their glistening leaves,
And screen her with their shadow.

NEWS AND GOSSIP.

According to official statistics just published, there were 5,275 suicides in France in 1872.

China wanted to buy the Iron Duke, British iron-plate war, now in the Chinese seas, but John Bull refused to sell.

A Paris paper says that 45,000 bullfinches have their eyes put out every year in France in order to make them sing.

And now the French clerical party is forced to reflect that clerics, had he was, kept the Oratoire at Santa Vecchia.

The reading and writing qualification for jurors in the United States courts is found to work excellently, especially in the South.

The Rev. Mr. Marks built an English church in Burma, and his majesty the king of Burma has sued Marks for the value of the timber.

A large and growing demand has sprung up in Japan for boots and shoes, which are supplied through the San Francisco merchants.

The sexton of Grace Church, New York, is the richest of his trade in America, being estimated at \$250,000, all of which he has made while in his office.

Don Pedro, of Brazil, has not yet received the representative of Spain, but will, perhaps, now that some of the great powers have recognized that republic.

Dr. J. C. Cooper, who has made surveys of the State, says that the geological facts are all against the probability of the existence of any true coal measures in California.

The Marquis de Beauharnais, aged 101 years, died lately at his residence, Rue Gerardo, Paris. Twenty years old in the Reign of Terror, and lived to know the Commune!

Some members of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Boston, have appealed to the insurance commissioner, to examine into the condition of the company, claiming that irregularities exist.

A religious denomination, known as the United Brethren in Christ, celebrated their centennial anniversary, in Baltimore, on the 11th inst. The sect throughout the country includes about 130,000 members.

Five hundred pounds of beef, five bushels of potatoes and about one hundred loaves of bread are consumed each day at dinner in Memorial Hall, Harvard. The cost of fitting up the hall for its present purpose was over \$30,000.

The pope comes of a long-lived family. His father lived to be 88, and his mother to the same age; Guiseppino, his brother 76; Gabriello, another brother, 88; and Gaetano, as the holy father often says, "knocked at the door of 90 years."

Col. Stoffel, having proved in his pamphlet, that MacMahon did receive in the late war a certain order, the receipt of which had been conveniently denied, grossly deceived the Marquis d'Almeida, who is MacMahon's aide-de-camp, ought to challenge the colonel.

The spire of the new church of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, in height to the top of the cross, is said to be four hundred and seventy-two feet. This is six feet higher than the spire of the famous Strasburg Cathedral, which has hitherto been reported to be the highest in Europe.

Twins living at South Bethlehem, Pa., each gave birth to twins several nights ago, within a few hours of each other. These sisters were married on the same day; their children were born in the same month, their second in the same week and their third in the same hour.

The balloon of M. and Mme. Durouf was found in the North Sea, 150 miles from Christiansand, and has been placed on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London, together with a compass, a stopped watch, a discolored log book, and other articles saved with the adventurous aeronauts.

Sheffield, England, complains of the bad taste of people who choose the reservoir from which the supply of drinking water is drawn, as a place in which to commit suicide. Ninety bodies have at various times been found in the water, to which they give a powerful but unpleasant flavor.

Several months ago Trumbull's pictures of "Revolutionary Scenes" were removed from the rotunda of the capital at Washington for the purpose of being cleaned and strengthened to save them from threatened decay. They have been improved in appearance and restored to their panels.

Runeberg, an aged Swedish poet, has for several years past been studying the habits of birds, especially in regard to the cause of migration. He concludes that the longing for light is the sole impulse which causes the birds to migrate between northern and southern lands. They seek the richest light.

A great many of the stores in Paris are dedicated to some one or to something real or imaginary. One sees such signs as "To the Good Devil," "To the Poor Devil," "To the Devil," "To the Gray Devil," "To the Madonnas," "To the Americans," "To the Universe," "To Poor James," etc.

The stores for the sale of miscellaneous merchandise are now more generally closed on Sundays than they were for years ago.

The young daughter of a rancher in Contra Costa Co., Cal., attempted to kill Dr. Buckley, a rising physician of San Francisco, with whom she had fallen desperately in love while under treatment from him, and contrary to all precedent in such matters, had repeatedly proposed marriage. She crept up behind him in the street, and aiming a pistol at his back, fired, but her aim was so poor that the ball tore its way through the doctor's clothes without touching the skin.

A COMPARISON MADE BETWEEN SOME CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE TWO MEN.

The New York correspondent of the Chicago Times writes thus concerning two notables of that city: Daniel Drew has the reputation of loving money for money's sake a little better than almost any operator in Wall street. He is said by punsters to be suffering from a moneymania. If he be mad there is methodism in his madness. If he has contributed largely to Methodism, he has made Methodism contribute largely to him in divers ways. That sectarian cloak he has worn has covered not a few of his financial schemes, until he was ready to throw it off, and turn those schemes to the best account.

A story, illustrative of Drew's tactics, is thus told: Being a large holder of Erie, he was trying to buy the stock, in order to unload. Of course, the more active demand there may be for stock, the greater the advance. Uncle Daniel was making every effort in every direction to induce persons to buy. Meeting, one morning, in Broadway, the clergyman of the church he had been attending, he said to him: "My pious brother, I have a high esteem for you, and I'd kind of like to put a real good thing up in your way. These Erie shares are going up; and if you keep to buy some, I rather think you'd better get on. That's my opinion, tho' I dunno 'xactly. However, if you buy, and the shares don't come out all right, I'll fix it up with you. You'd better get on to all you can get; but mind don't say nothin' to 'other brithrin 'bout it, 'cause I want you to reap the bl'n'f of a man of God deservin' it."

The dominion, who was not at all averse to making a little money out of an entirely secular manner, mentioned the matter, in spite of Drew's injunction, to some of his wealthy parishioners, in order that he might induce them to lend him a few thousands of dollars. Knowing that Drew was an exacting authority upon the stock market, especially upon Erie, they were delighted to get the point, and gladly let their pastor have what money he wanted. They also went in heavily themselves, but not before they had communicated the point to their wealthy friends. The share advanced six per cent., a very large amount having been taken by the members of the congregation, which was very wealthy, and by their associates. Those who had bought for a further advance; but the market suddenly fell, and the shares were unloaded at the highest figure. The clergyman, naturally in deep distress of mind, called upon Drew to remind him of his promise.

The cunning old fox remarking that though he had lost a good deal himself, he would keep his word, gave the pulpit a check for the difference between what he had paid and the then ruling rate. The expounder of the gospel, on receiving the check, took occasion to observe: "Well Mr. Drew, there are a number of our brethren here to-day that I ought to mention the probable rise in Erie, and all of them, to borrow your wordly phrase, 'went in' largely; and I am very much afraid that they have considerable of the stock on which Drew has raised the price. Now, if these brethren in Christ, I have thought that you might be willing to do for them what you have done for your beloved pastor."

"I'm very sorry," replied the arch hypocrite. "No doubt the good Lord'll make good them losses, but I can't, you see, cause I've lost myself. Then, my dear brother, you remember what I told you 'bout keepin' the thing shady. I'm glad to pay up your difference, but 'other brithrin must look out for themselves." It cost Drew less than \$100 to reimburse the preacher, while he made, by the information that Drew's speculative Methodism would swindle Gabriel at the first opportunity. Similar as the antecedents of Drew and Vanderbilt are, there could not well be a greater difference between the two men. The common and remarkable fact is that Drew has a fine face, an excellent profile, a very genteel bearing and manner. He might pass for a prince, for a man who has had generations of wealth and culture behind him. Drew is personally his antipode. His face and figure, represent the undeveloped. He is a type of the yokel. In semblance he is vulgarly itself, with a certain cunning expression that rather hurts than helps any prepossession which one might possibly have in his favor. The appearance of the two men shows how little there is in what is understood as good blood, or in the absence of it. Both of them have sprung from the people, and so far as known, are the first of their time to generations to come. They are wealth or any means of refinement, which they certainly have not improved.

MARGARET.

LOUISA BUSHELL.

[From the Atlantic.]

I.
Through the fields with morning wet,
Gaily wandered Margaret,
Not a shadow darkening yet,
Eyes new-filled with light;
Just a blitheless lass,
Light of heart and light of tread,
Following where the path lay led,
Spinning out its little thread
In the meadow-grass.

As she lightly tripped along,
Humming to herself a song
From a heart untroubled by wrong—
Gossamer fancies free to throng—
Through her cloudless breast—
Tropes of daisies, and of sun,
Answering back her fresh delight,
Closer swung their fringes white
Around their rosy guest.

She plucked one daisy as she went;
And half for leaf, and half for tint,
Eyes new-filled with light;
Trying what her fortune meant
With the charm she so often tries,
Ever with a new surprise,
Listening to those soft replies
That the daisies bring.

First, she loves me, whispered low;
Then, she loves me not, and so,
Back and forth, she said,
All around the milk-white row,
The fairy world of fate,
Whirling the leaves away,
While her fingers swiftly flew,
Havelling out the slender dew
To her heart's estate.

Ending thus the little spell,
On she loves me not, and so,
But merry as a marriage-bell
Rang her voice: "Dear flower, pray tell,
Why so true to me?
Careless fancies lightly blow,
Spread their wings, and come and go,
When the door stands open so,
In the happy home below."

Twelve long months the year swung round
As the little buds unbound,
Sleeping in the meadow-ground,
All its pretty blossoms found,
Sweetly fresh and true,
Bright was the bloom on hill and dale,
But Margaret's lovely bloom was pale,
And her heart's estate was woe,
Where clouds upon the blue.

A secret thorn within the breast
Closer to her heart she pressed;
And moods of longing and unrest
Drew to the fields all newly dressed
In the half-faded green,
But, oh, the soul of all was slain!
And her's was pain exceeding pain—
To see the outer charm remain,
And mock what once was sweet.

The grain was rippling broad and free,
Singing there was on every tree,
Perfumes there were on every leaf,
And life was warm and brave—but she
Felt like a wayward stone.

The joy of birds, and the brook that purled,
The rustle in the leaves, and the world,
All the sound and breath of the world,
Left her the more alone.

She let the summer bloom drift by,
But on the path her downcast eye,
Saw a daisy withering lie,
As if, too, were fain to die.

Nay, the flower was dead!
"Would that all dying were as brief,"
She said in weeping mood,
And slowly sundered leaf from leaf,
The little charm she said.

Alas! alas! the ghostly spell!
Still on she loves me not, and so,
She dropped the flower in dust farwell;
For once dead joy, she could not tell,
Lashed within her heart.

Ah! what can die fancies do,
When once the door is fastened to,
But fold the wings that lightly flew,
And never more depart!

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

RELIGION AND REAL ESTATE.

FATHER GUILFOYLE, OF NEWPORT, KY.,
TURNS A SPECULATIVE PENNY—HIS TRANS-
ACTIONS IN REAL ESTATE—THE TROUBLE
IN HIS CHURCH AND HIS RETIREMENT.

The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 26th inst. contains the following secular account of a recent church scandal at Newport, Ky.: For twenty years Father Patrick Guilfoyle officiated as pastor over the Roman Catholic congregation now worshipping in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Madison street, near Columbia street, in the city of Newport, Ky. Last Saturday his connection with the church was severed for the present, at least by orders from his ecclesiastical superior, the bishop of Covington and in this city, the affair excited much interest. Yesterday's events have intensified the interest in Newport. Time will reveal whether it has tended to widen the dissension in Father Guilfoyle's late congregation. Time, too, will heal the wounds and calm the troubled waters.

IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE.

SOME REMARKABLE EXAMPLES—WHAT A SINGLE VOTE HAS BEEN ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes thus of some notable examples of the value of a single vote in popular elections: We have all, at some time or other, realized the importance of a single vote. The following instances have fallen under my notice: One vote in the city of New York returned a republican member to the assembly, which made a majority in the legislature of that State for Thomas Jefferson, and gave him the vote of New York, without which he could not have been elected. The whole policy of the United States during the Jefferson and Madison administrations, a period of 16 years, hung on that one vote. One vote elected Marcus Morton governor of Massachusetts, in an aggregate popular vote of nearly 100,000. One vote elected William Allen, in the Chillicothe district, to Congress, in the year 1834, and one vote subsequently made him United States senator for six years afterwards. The following case of the kind is still more remarkable. In 1839, Dan Stone, of Cincinnati, was a candidate for the State legislature. Walking up Main street on the morning of the election, he overtook an acquaintance going to the polls who intended to vote the opposition ticket. Stone solicited his vote. "We are old friends," said the acquaintance, "and you will know friend that mark of kindness." Party spirit was then comparatively quiet. The voter replied: "Well, Dan, you are a pretty clever fellow. I don't care if I do." That vote elected Stone, and gave a majority of one in the legislature which made him Ewing United States senator. Mr. Ewing's vote on the question of confirming the appointment of Martin Van Buren as minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain enabled the vice president to give the casting vote and called Mr. Van Buren to the White House. That recall made Mr. Van Buren first vice-president, and then president, and determined the general political policy of the country for four years. One vote accomplished all this. One vote sent James L. Smith to the State senate, and made him subsequently senator.

In noticing the recent death of Charles Swain—a merchant who wrote tuncful songs for the pleasure of it, and who could claim no high distinction, even among minor poets,—the London Daily News observes that he belonged to a class which seems dying out, the men of literary tastes who are satisfied to remain in provincial towns, to follow their own pursuits, making literature a recreation, not the business of life, and to be leaders of intellectual society in their local centers. The News cites several instances of this sort, and goes on to deduce that the literary genius of provincial towns is continuing to dwindle, as London more and more attracts to itself the thought and expression of the age.

this looks as if there was an unfortunate state of feeling in the congregation, dividing it into factions. Be it the case or not, we can testify that members are extremely cautious about using censorious or angry language in regard to each other, or even plainly betraying the side they take on the vexed subject. The two classes in the controversy are formed of those on the one hand who approve and of those on the other hand who do not approve of the action of their pastor, Father Guilfoyle, in speculating in real estate in Newport and in Kansas. Ten or a dozen years ago Father Guilfoyle commenced his speculations—so the story goes. Members of his congregation deposited their earnings with him, and he paid them in general interest. The money thus put in his hands he used in erecting buildings. Many of these he sold; others he raised money on by mortgages, and went on building. The houses were small and intended for the accommodation of poor families. Most of them he sold on long time and small payments. The panic of 1873 came, and after the strike in Swift's rolling mill, both causes bore heavily on Father Guilfoyle. Obligations were maturing and means to meet them were more difficult than ever to obtain. Impatient creditors began to talk and to use. Rumor took up the subject and wildly exaggerated it, and the congregation began to take sides according as they justified or excused their pastor. Oil was poured on the water quieting it for a time, but moving of the waves began again. We have already told the developments of feeling to date.

THE ASSIGNMENT.

About the last of August, or the first of September, 1874, Bishop Toebbe was visited at night by Father Guilfoyle and his attorney, Gen. Dodge, and taken over to Newport to become the assignee of Father Guilfoyle. It was urged that haste was of the utmost importance, in order to prevent the action of the creditors against the property to the disadvantage of the creditors of Father Guilfoyle. Ed. Air, the clerk of the courts, was taken to the court-room, and the assignment was made to Bishop A. Toebbe, of Covington. Amounting to the value of lands in Kansas, 72 houses, and 3,000 front feet of vacant lots in Newport, and about \$80,000 worth of mortgages in security for houses and lots sold. It is estimated that the entire assets of Father Guilfoyle were worth about \$125,000, while the liabilities amounted to \$300,000. But on this point testimony varies greatly, even to the extent of transposing the above assets and debts. Father Guilfoyle's accusers, so far as we have heard them speak, do not charge him with any offense bordering upon dishonesty. The most they say is that he had a wild mania for speculation, and went into it until his business was larger than he could manage. Many of them accord to him the very best motive. The most grave charge we heard was that he had been a drunkard, and that he had been a gambler. Bishop Carroll more than four years ago, and contrary to both the advice and command of Bishop Toebbe, the successor of Bishop Carroll. Many who censure his conduct say that they believe he acted as he did with a desire to do a great thing, to do great things in realizing money for the church. A few are disposed to doubt the validity of the figures that make Father Guilfoyle's assets overbalance his liabilities by \$125,000.

STORY OF THE PRIEST'S DEFENSES.

Those who take Father Guilfoyle's part express entire confidence in the statement of his assets, making them \$125,000 more than his liabilities, and feel that action tending to make the difficulty public was hardly necessary. He was laboring under the same burden as the common embarrassment of business men in these times. They have the most unbounded faith in his integrity of purpose, and are moved by the tenderest affection for him as a pastor. The tenderness of his removal was calculated to intensify their feeling that he was even more pronounced than they seemed to be yesterday in opposition to his accusers and to his sudden removal. Bishop Toebbe, we have been informed, has found the business of managing real estate a sort of elegant upon his hands, and he has heard it hinted that he is taking measures to have the assignment transferred to some business man who can devote his entire time to the business. In Newport, Ky., and in this city, the affair has excited much interest. Yesterday's events have intensified the interest in Newport. Time will reveal whether it has tended to widen the dissension in Father Guilfoyle's late congregation. Time, too, will heal the wounds and calm the troubled waters.

WINTER.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

Hail! monarch of the leafless crown,
Rare seen save with a gloomy frown,
Or with ice for scepter, robes of snow,
Thy throne—the stream's arrested flow—
Stern tyrant! whom the hasting sun
Loath to load to serve, by vapours dun
Begirt, a melancholy train
Of nature's holden saddest reign.
And all things'neath thy burden faint,
Nor cheered are they by message cold,
In answer by the north wind told,
The cry of thy grievous sway.

When thou wouldst drive all hope away
From nature, yearning to restore
To earth the bliss it knew before,
When summer ruled with empire mild,
And autumn, still a ruddy child,
Lay cradled among the trees,
Of whispering grove and laden tree,
The brook that prattled to the air
Of golden harvest, scenes as fair
As poet wraps in fancy's maze
Could scarce enshrine in mortal lays,
The hearers of his summer song
The branch and leaf that once repaid
His music with their tender shade,
And echoing zephyr's honeyed tone,
To his sweet tuning joined their own.
Or bound, perchance, in distance slow,
Fail faint winds, and meaning low,
Fit dirge he makes o'er freedom lost,
In joy of which he wailon tossed
The falling blossoms on his wave,
For water nymphs to catch and save,
Now straggled of his green bravery,
In places plighted the weary tree,
Is bowed upon by mocking winds,
Whom changed now he sighing finds
From those gay playmates welcomed erst
In glad by his young leaves when first
They wore their merry breeze-laughed dance,
And broke their feathered lodgers' trance,
What time the eastern ways did gleam
Nest-foot of the golden team,
Not busy now with tender care,
For coming brood the birds prepare
Their airy cradle, rocked unseen
By dryad hands behind the screen
Of leafy curtains, where the eye
Of mischievous curiosity may pry.
The thrush that erst with willing voice
Made all the tangled brake rejoice
In echoes of his mellow song,
To mope in silence now is fain;
Nor ever pipes from straining throat
The varied wonders of his note,
So bleak the scene, so sad the day,
Too harsh, O winter, is thy sway!

NEBRASKA SUFFERERS.

BORDER STARVATION.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE IN NEBRASKA SUFFERING FOR FOOD—THE PRESENTATION MADE BY GEN. O. C. ORD.

The Chicago Times of the 23d inst. gives the following account of an interview with Gen. Ord concerning threatened destitution in Nebraska:

Reporter. What portions of Nebraska are most affected by the ravages of the late grasshopper plague?

Gen. Ord. Western Nebraska. The eastern counties are perfectly well able to take care of themselves.

R. Are the settlers in a very destitute condition?

Gen. O. There are some fifteen counties where one-half or two-thirds of the people will have to be fed this winter. This is in the most sparsely settled portions of the State.

R. How many settlers are there in these fifteen counties?

Gen. O. About 10,000, and one-third of these were very poor, and in fact ragged and without boots and shoes of any kind. They must suffer greatly during the winter.

R. How do the people bear their misfortunes?

Gen. O. They bear their troubles very well, and have displayed a good deal of fortitude in the struggle with starvation. They are a class of people who have not been reduced to such straits before, and are averse to the receiving of alms. They are the most industrious and energetic of the people, and there is no work for them. Gen. Brin, of the United States army, went through the counties in the Republican and Loupe valleys on a tour of inspection, and for the purpose of distributing funds. At his settlement on the route he called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, at which statements of the sufferings of the settlers were made of a most agonizing description.

R. Has there not been an organization formed in the State for the relief of the sufferers?

Gen. O. Yes, there is a complete State organization, of which Gov. Furness is president, and the Hon. Elgin Saunders treasurer. The executive committee, of which I am chairman, is composed principally of the most prominent citizens of Omaha and adjacent towns.

R. What assistance have you already received?

Gen. O. The railroads passing through the State have, up to the present, contributed \$10,000. The railroads carry contributions from Chicago and from the Pacific free of charge to Nebraska.

R. What articles do the sufferers most require?

Gen. O. Food and clothing and fuel. We have given them considerable of each up to the present time. In the spring we shall have to supply them with seed.

R. Have the farmers in the portion of the State not touched by the grasshoppers done much?

Gen. O. The prosperous settlers have contributed a considerable sum, both in money and contributions, but principally in contributions. They have all gone as far as their means will let them. The merchants and bankers are paying money to the fund.

R. Has there been much suffering among the unfortunate settlers?

Gen. O. Well, yes. They have nothing to eat but what we send them. The distress, however, is

AMONG THE POORER SETTLERS,

who have only been in the State a year. They are the poorer class of frontier settlers, and were very poor before they went to Nebraska. They live in a very primitive way. As a proof of the clean sweep made by the grasshoppers I may state that Gen. Brin, when he was distributing provisions, employed three different teams to complete a distance of 40 miles. The horses were in a weak condition in consequence of corn forming no part of their diet. In the whole of the western counties, not a grain of corn was left by the grasshoppers, and generally they devoured the greater portion of the stalks. There is plenty of hay in the country. Grasshoppers are epicures, and reject the vegetation from which they derive their name.

R. Have any deaths from starvation taken place?

Gen. O. It is believed that several of the deaths which have taken place lately have been produced by the want of proper nourishment. Some heartrending stories were told at the meetings called by Gen. Brin. In one instance the mother of a family walked several miles to the nearest village in order to make an attempt to obtain some groceries on credit. She left her children at home, and when she returned one of the little ones was dead. There was no food in the house, and the child's system was so debilitated, completely exhausted. Gen. Brin also tells of a case in which a man had walked 11 miles to the village where they were distributing meal and other necessities of life. The man arrived at night, when the stores were locked up. He was told that he could have the meal, etc., in the morning. But he said, "I am so concerned about my family. They are starving. Can not I have it now?" At 11 o'clock at night a sack of meal was given him, and the man, with a lightened heart, but a loaded body, faced the elements and trudged home with his prize. There are many cases of destitution like this, and the

sufferings of the poor wretches will be more terrible when winter comes.

R. Why don't the sufferers remove to other States, where their labor would be in demand?

Gen. O. They do not want to leave their homes. They think there is a prospect of success in the future, and they have become attached to their homes, and the beautiful country in which they have settled. Those who have the means have

LEFT THE STATE

for the winter, and are working with their friends. They will return in the spring and proceed to put in their crops as usual. None of the settlers were afraid of another grasshopper visit. It is eight years since we were troubled with them before. Illinois is liable to be troubled with them when the wind is in the direction of this State, when they are upon their flight.

R. Do you think the grasshoppers laid any eggs in Nebraska?

Gen. O. No; I do not. They did not stay long enough for that. I am of opinion that we have done with the voracious insects for some years.

R. Are there not plenty of buffaloes on the prairie?

Gen. O. In the western country there are, and I have a company of cavalry hunting them for the suffering settlers. Those in the western portion of the State are supplied with buffalo meat, but we have no means of conveying it to the interior of the State. As soon as the company of cavalry which is now out comes in, I shall send out another company.

R. Then you do not distribute much meat?

Gen. O. We do not aspire to give them anything more substantial than potatoes and meal, and they are quite contented to get that. The only flesh they want is a little bacon to help them in making bread.

R. Is there no means of providing work for the poor settlers?

Gen. O. I have been trying to devise some means of supplying them with work, but as yet have been unsuccessful in this respect. Men have tramped all over the State in search of work, and are glad when the opportunity is offered of earning a few dollars. Chicago merchants, in assisting the Nebraska settlers, will be assisting their own customers. It will not do for us to allow them to leave the State with a bad impression of it. If we did